

Children of the Covenant

by yourkai

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Summary: S-049 and S-113 are loyal, dedicated soldiers who would die for their cause or their fellow soldiers. Their calm and calculating ways of battle exist despite their inherent hatred of the enemy. They will fight until they die, ready to destroy the UNSC.

Children of the Covenant

I. Loyalty

A Mere Result of Humanity, Sir.

Zane twirled the flower in his fingertips, not bothering to be wary of the gracefully curved thorns that adorned the stalk. He toyed with it, then looked only mildly surprised when a particularly sharp thorn pricked the inside of his left index finger, allowing a thin stream of blood to adorn his palm, like a banner of some sort. He dropped the rose back again on the night-stand, calmly procuring a napkin and drying his palm, staunching the wound. He stretched his long legs, slightly pale but overtly muscular, and rose to a standing position. His height was more evident now- roughly fifteen years of age, he stood as tall as an adult, with the lithe muscles of a runner. There was hardness, though, in his eyes- a flinty gaze in the gray irises that marked him as much a man of war as did the jacket and trousers he wore, both camouflage, but not the pathetic imitation of society's poseurs.

Striding from his bunk-room, which played home to five boys and a single girl, he reveled in momentary solitude, such a difficult prospect with hundreds milling about this station. Of course, he didn't mind the company of his fellow cadets (with the exception of Mikael), but it was nice to be alone.

And, as always when he was enjoying something, he lost it. He found himself accosted, mere steps from the barracks, by a smaller girl, though in facial features she seemed roughly near his age. He was, quite literally, tackled, despite any of his former

composure.

Lovely.

"Zane!"

Ah, but this intrusion was a welcomed one. He returned the hug of the smaller girl with the same ferocity, grinning as he examined her for any new scars. She was alright, back from the small mission she had departed on five days ago. He had not been informed of the specific nature, but he was well accustomed to the 'Need-to-know' basis his annoying superiors bestowed upon the seven of them. He leaned against the bulkhead of the station, faintly organic and violet in appearance, and watched his younger friend with a raised brow. She smirked over at him, tucking black hair from her face and placing it behind her own ear, revealing sapphire-hued eyes in a pale-face, sharply featured.

"Operation went smoothly, no losses, and we've seized the plasma-swords they were developing. They're magnificent, Zane! Once James and I got to the store-room, we figured out how to operate the swords. They're very light, the handle is a lot thinner than the predecessor, and it has subtle indentations for a good grip. Not too much use to us, I suppose, but the Sangheili will find it much better to fight with, I'm sure. And the blade itself is thinner, more round, but still a bit of an oblong. Found it much better to defeat Brutes with, especially James. You know him, the melee weapons are what he loves, heavy stuff, but he's an artist with this sword, lopped the head off a Brute before it got me."

Slightly embarrassed, she revealed a thin gash on the bicep of her left arm, shrugging slightly and dropping her sleeve again, ignoring the concerned look that passed over her companion's face.

"It's not that big of a deal, really Zane. M'kota has already checked over it, and he applied some salve. It'll be fine in a few days."

It would be prudent to mention at this point that the language they spoke in was quick and fluting, a graceful speech quite unlike the barbarian tongue of humans, though in appearance they were very much so. Zane rolled his eyes- a human gesture he retained, and reached out to hug his friend again. Nikki rested her head against his shoulder for a moment longer, until both flinched simultaneously, snapping to attention as a tall form stepped into the hall they occupied.

The creature's golden armor shone brightly, only absent in certain parts of the torso and face, allowing the forboding mandibles to move, speaking in a variant of that language the two humans had conversed in.

Speaking of humans, both had promptly dropped to their knees in the presence of the higher-rank, their heads bent at an appropriate angle to show reverence and attention.

"At ease!"

Snapped the Elite, causing both Nikki and Zane to leap to attention, grey and blue eyes focused on that of the Shipmaster, knowing his intolerance for "acting like a subservient Unggoy". The Elite moved

his mandibles in a chilling parody of a smile, but not causing any negative effect in the two that regarded him as their master.

"I approve of the proceedings on the Rebel Base, 113. You've proven yourself to be an able warrior, and a suitable leader. For a human."

The girl turned crimson.

"I am a _result_ of humanity, but I wouldn't quite call me that. My loyalty is to the Prophet Regret, _sir._"

She spoke the words with absolute dignity and loyalty, sincerity ringing in every word- the very loyalty expected from a Marine, presented to humanity's main enemy. The alien nodded, seemingly pleased with her answer.

End
file.